THE

WORKS

OF

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

LORD BYRON.

VOL. VIII.

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VOL. VIII.

BEPPO—MAZEPPA, etc.

LEIPSICK,
PRINTED FOR GERARD FLEISCHER
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PROBLEMA

ALLE BYGNINGS-HÅNDVÆRKERE

OM

SKOLEN

SAMT

ALLE

BEPPO,

A VENETIAN STORY.

ROSALIND. Farewell, Monsieur Traveller: Loock, you lisp, and wear strange suits; disable all the benefits of your own country; be out of love with your Nativity, and almost chide God for making you that countenance you are; or I will scarce think that you have swam in a GONDOLA.

AS YOU LIKE IT, Act IV. Sc. I.

Annotation of the Commentators.

That is, been at *Venice*, which was much visited by the young English gentlemen of those times, and was then what *Paris* is *now*—the seat of all dissoluteness S. A.

BEPPO.

I.

'TIS known, at least it should be, that throughout
All countries of the Catholic persuasion,
Some weeks before Shrove Tuesday comes about,
The people take their fill of recreation,
And buy repentance, ere they grow devout,
However high their rank, or low their station,
With fiddling, feasting, dancing, drinking, mas-
quing,
And other things which may be had for asking.

II.

The moment night with dusky mantle covers
The skies (and the more duskily the better),
The time less liked by husbands than by lovers
Begins, and prudery flings aside her fetter;
And gaiety on restless tiptoe hovers,
Giggling with all the gallants who beset her;
And there are songs and quavers, roaring, humming,
Guitars, and every other sort of strumming.

III.

And there are dresses splendid, but fantastical,
Masks of all times and nations, Turks and Jews,
And harlequins and clowns, with feats gymnastical,
Greeks, Romans, Yankee-doodles, and Hindoos;
All kinds of dress, except the ecclesiastical,
All people, as their fancies hit, may choose,
But no one in these parts may quiz the clergy,
Therefore take heed, ye Freethinkers! I charge ye.

IV.

You'd better walk about begirt with briars,
Instead of coat and small-clothes, than put on
A single stitch reflecting upon friars,
Although you swore it only was in fun;
They'd haul you o'er the coals, and stir the fires
Of Phlegethon with every mother's son,
Nor say one mass to cool the cauldron's bubble
That boil'd your bones, unless you paid them double.

V.

But saving this, you may put on whate'er
You like by way of doublet, cape, or cloak,
Such as in Monmouth-street, or in Rag Fair,
Would rig you out in seriousness or joke;
And even in Italy such places are
With prettier names in softer accents spoke,
For, bating Covent Garden, I can hit on
No place that's call'd „Piazza" in Great Britain

VI.

This feast is named the Carnival, which being
Interpreted, implies „farewell to flesh:“
So call'd, because the name and thing agreeing,
Through Lent they live on fish both salt and
fresh.

But why they usher Lent with so much glee in,
Is more than I can tell, although I guess
'Tis as we take a glass with friends at parting,
In the stage-coach or packet, just at starting.

VII.

And thus they bid farewell to carnal dishes,
And solid meats, and highly spiced ragouts,
To live for forty days on ill-dress'd fishes,
Because they have no sauces to their stews,
A thing which causes many „poohs“ and „pishes,“
And several oaths (which would not suit the
Muse),
From travellers accustom'd from a boy
To eat their salmon, at the least, with soy;

VIII.

And therefore humbly I would recommend
„The curious in fish-sauce," before they cross
The sea, to bid their cook, or wife, or friend,
Walk or ride to the Strand, and buy in gross
(Or if set out beforehand, these may send
By any means least liable to loss),
Ketchup, Soy, Chili-vinegar, and Harvey,
Or, by the Lord! a Lent will well nigh starve
ye;

IX.

That is to say, if your religion's Roman,
And you at Rome would do as Romans do,
According to the proverb, —although no man,
If foreign, is obliged to fast; and you,
If protestant, or sickly, or a woman,
Would rather dine in sin on a ragout—
Dine, and be d—d! I don't mean to be coarse,
But that's the penalty, to say no worse.

X.

Of all the places where the Carnival
Was most facetious in the days of yore,
For dance, and song, and serenade, and ball,
And masque, and mime, and mystery, and more
Than I have time to tell now, or at all,
Venice the bell from every city bore,
And at the moment when I fix my story,
That sea-born city was in all her glory.

XI.

They've pretty faces yet, those same Venetians,
Black eyes, arch'd brows, and sweet expressions still,
Such as of old were copied from the Grecians,
In ancient arts by moderns mimick'd ill;
And like so many Venuses of Titian's
(The best's at Florence—see it, if ye will,)
They look when leaning over the balcony,
Or stepp'd from out a picture by Giorgione,

XII.

Whose tints are truth and beauty at their best;
And when you to Manfrini's palace go,
That picture (howsoever fine the rest)
Is loveliest to my mind of all the show;
It may perhaps be also to *your* zest,
And that's the cause I rhyme upon it so,
'Tis but a portrait of his son, and wife,
And self; but *such* a woman! love in life!

XIII.

Love in full life and length, not love ideal,
No, nor ideal beauty, that fine name,
But something better still, so very real,
That the sweet model must have been the same;
A thing that you would purchase, beg, or steal,
Wer't not impossible, besides a shame:
The face recals some face, as 'twere with pain,
You once have seen, but ne'er will see again;

XIV.

One of those forms which flit by us, when we
Are young, and fix our eyes on every face;
And, oh! the loveliness at times we see
In momentary gliding, the soft grace,
The youth, the bloom, the beauty which agree,
In many a nameless being we retrace,
Whose course and home we knew not, nor shall
know,
Like the lost Pleiad I seen no more below.

XV.

I said that like a picture by Giorgione
Venetian women were, and so they *are*,
Particularly seen from a balcony,
(For beauty's sometimes best set off afar)
And there, just like a heroine of Goldoni,
They peep from out the blind, or o'er the bar;
And, truth to say, they're mostly very pretty,
And rather like to show it, more's the pity!

XVI.

For glances beget ogles, ogles sighs,
Sighs wishes, wishes words, and words a letter,
Which flies on wings of light-heeled Mercuries,
Who do such things because they know no better;
And then, God knows what mischief may arise,
When love links two young people in one fetter,
Vile assignations, and adulterous beds,
Elopements, broken vows, and hearts, and heads.

XVII.

Shakespeare described the sex in Desdemona
As very fair, but yet suspect in fame,
And to this day from Venice to Verona
Such matters may be probably the same,
Except that since those times was never known a
Husband whom mere suspicion could inflame
To suffocate a wife no more than twenty,
Because she had a „cavalier servente.“

XVIII.

Their jealousy (if they are ever jealous)
Is of a fair complexion altogether,
Not like that sooty devil of Othello's
Which smothers women in a bed of feather,
But worthier of these much more jolly fellows,
When weary of the matrimonial tether
His head for such a wife no mortal bothers,
But takes at once another, or another's.

XIX.

Didst ever see a gondola? For fear
You should not, I'll describe it you exactly:
'Tis a long cover'd boat that's common here,
Carved at the prow, built lightly, but com-
pactly,
Row'd by two rowers, each call'd „Gondolier,"
It glides along the water looking blackly,
Just like a coffin clapt in a canoe,
Where none can make out what you say or do.

XX.

And up and down the long canals they go,
And under the Rialto shoot along,
By night and day, all paces, swift or slow,
And round the theatres, a sable throng,
They wait in their dusk livery of woe,
But not to them do woeful things belong,
For sometimes they contain a deal of fun,
Like mourning coaches when the funeral's done.

XXI.

But to my story. — 'Twas some years ago,
It may be thirty, forty, more or less,
The carnival was at its height, and so
Were all kinds of buffoonery and dress;
A certain lady went to see the show,
Her real name I know not, nor can guess,
And so we'll call her Laura, if you please,
Because it slips into my verse with ease.

XXII.

She was not old, nor young, nor at the years
Which certain people call a „*certain age*,“
Which yet the most uncertain age appears,
Because I never heard, nor could engage
A person yet by prayers, or bribes, or tears,
To name, define by speech, or write on page,
The period meant precisely by that word,—
Which surely is exceedingly absurd.

XXIII.

Laura was blooming still, had made the best
Of time, and time return'd the compliment,
And treated her genteelly, so that, drest,
She look'd extremely well where'er she went:
A pretty woman is a welcome guest,
And Laura's brow a frown had rarely bent,
Indeed she shone all smiles, and seem'd to flatter
Mankind with her black eyes for looking at her.

XXIV.

She was a married woman; 'tis convenient,
Because in Christian countries 'tis a rule
To view their little slips with eyes more lenient;
Whereas, if single ladies play the fool,
(Unless within the period intervenient,
A well-timed wedding makes the scandal cool)
I don't know how they ever can get over it,
Except they manage never to discover it.

XXV.

Her husband sail'd upon the Adriatic,
And made some voyages, too, in other seas,
And when he lay in quarantine for pratique,
(A forty days' precaution 'gainst disease,)
His wife would mount, at times, her highest attic,
For thence she could discern the ship with ease:
He was a merchant trading to Aleppo,
His name Giuseppe, called more briefly, Beppo.[2]

XXVI.

He was a man as dusky as a Spaniard,
Sunburnt with travel, yet a portly figure;
Though colour'd, as it were, within a tanyard
He was a person both of sense and vigour—
A better seaman never yet did man yard:
And *she*, although her manners show'd no rigou
Was deem'd a woman of the strictest principle,
So much as to be thought almost invincible.

XXVII.

But several years elapsed since they had met;
Some people thought the ship was lost, and some
That he had somehow blunder'd into debt,
And did not like the thoughts of steering home;
And there were several offer'd any bet,
Or that he would, or that he would not come,
For most men (till by losing render'd sager)
Will back their own opinions with a wager.

XXVIII.

'Tis said that their last parting was pathetic,
As partings often are, or ought to be,
And their presentiment was quite prophetic
That they should never more each other see,
(A sort of morbid feeling, half poetic,
Which I have known occur in two or three)
When kneeling on the shore upon her sad knee,
He left this Adriatic Ariadne.

XXIX.

And Laura waited long, and wept a little,
And thought of wearing weeds, as well she might;
She almost lost all appetite for victual,
And could not sleep with ease alone at night;
She deem'd the window-frames and shutters brittle
Against a daring house-breaker or sprite,
And so she thought it prudent to connect her
With a vice husband, *chiefly* to *protect her*.

XXX.

She chose, (and what is there they will not choose,
If only you will but oppose their choice?)
Till Beppo should return from his long cruise
And bid once more her faithful heart rejoice,
A man some women like, and yet abuse—
A coxcomb was he by the public voice;
A count of wealth, they said, as well as quality,
And in his pleasures of great liberality.

XXXI.

And then he was a count, and then he knew
Music, and dancing, fiddling, French and Tuscan;
The last not easy, be it known to you,
For few Italians speak the right Etruscan.
He was a critic upon operas, too,
And knew all niceties of the sock and buskin;
And no Venetian audience could endure a
Song, scene, or air, when he cried „seccatura.“

XXXII.

His „bravo“ was decisive, for that sound
Hush'd „academie,“ sigh'd in silent awe;
The fiddlers trembled as he look'd around,
For fear of some false note's detected flaw.
The „prima donna's“ tuneful heart would bound,
Dreading the deep damnation of his „bah!“
Soprano, basso, even the contra-alto,
Wish'd him five fathom under the Rialto.

XXXIII.

He patronized the Improvisatori,
Nay, could himself extemporize some stanzas,
Wrote rhymes, sang songs, could also tell a story,
Sold pictures, and was skilful in the dance as
Italians can be, though in this their glory
Must surely yield the palm to that which France
has;
In short, he was a perfect cavaliero,
And to his very valet seem'd a hero.

XXXIV.

Then he was faithful, too, as well as amorous;
So that no sort of female could complain,
Although they're now and then a little clamorous,
He never put the pretty souls in pain;
His heart was one of those which most enamour us,
Wax to receive, and marble to retain.
He was a lover of the good old school,
Who still become more constant as they cool.

XXXV.

No wonder such accomplishments should turn
A female head, however sage and steady—
With scarce a hope that Beppo could return,
In law he was almost as good as dead, he
Nor sent, nor wrote, nor show'd the least con-
cern,
And she had waited several years already;
And really if a man won't let us know
That he's alive, he's *dead*, or should be so.

XXXVI.

Besides, within the Alps, to every woman
(Although, God knows, it is a grievous sin,)
'Tis, I may say, permitted to have *two* men;
I can't tell who first brought the custom in,
But „Cavalier Serventes" are quite common,
And no one notices, nor cares a pin;
And we may call this (not to say the worst)
A *second* marriage which corrupts the *first*.

XXXVII.

The word was formerly a „Cicisbeo,"
But *that* is now grown vulgar and indecent;
The Spaniards call the person a „*Cortejo*,"[3]
For the same mode subsists in Spain, though recent;
In short it reaches from the Po to Teio,
And may perhaps at last be o'er the sea sent.
But Heaven preserve Old England from such courses!
Or what becomes of damage and divorces?

XXXVIII.

However, I still think, with all due deference
To the fair *single* part of the Creation,
That married ladies should preserve the preference
In *tête-à-tête* or general conversation—
And this I say without peculiar reference
To England, France, or any other nation—
Because they know the world, and are at ease,
And being natural, naturally please.

XXXIX.

'Tis true, your budding Miss is very charming,
But shy and awkward at first coming out,
So much alarm'd that she is quite alarming,
All Giggle, Blush;—half Pertness, and half Pout;
And glancing at *Mamma*, for fear there's harm in
What you, she, it, or they, may be about,
The Nursery still lisps out in all they utter—
Besides, they always smell of bread and butter.

XL.

But „Cavalier Servente“ is the phrase
Used in politest circles to express
This supernumerary slave, who stays
Close to the lady as a part of dress,
Her word the only law which he obeys.
His is no sinecure, as you may guess;
Coach, servants, gondola, he goes to call,
And carries fan, and tippet, gloves, and shawl.

XLI.

With all its sinful doings, I must say
That Italy's a pleasant place to me,
Who love to see the Sun shine every day,
And vines (not nail'd to walls) from tree to tree
Festoon'd, much like the back scene of a play,
Or melodrame, which people flock to see,
When the first act is ended by a dance
In vineyards copied from the south of France.

XLII.

I like on Autumn evenings to ride out,
Without being forced to bid my groom be sure
My cloak is round his middle strapp'd about,
Because the skies are not the most secure;
I know too that, if stopp'd upon my route,
Where the green alleys windingly allure,
Reeling with *grapes* red waggons choke the way,—
In England 'twould be dung, dust, or a dray.

XLIII.

I also like to dine on beccaficas,
To see the Sun set, sure he'll rise to-morrow,
Not through a misty morning twinkling weak as
A drunken man's dead eye in maudlin sorrow,
But with all Heaven t'himself; that day will break as
Beauteous as cloudless, nor be forced to borrow
That sort of farthing candlelight which glimmers
Where reeking London's smoky cauldron simmers,

XLIV.

I love the language, that soft bastard Latin,
Which melts like kisses from a female mouth,
And sounds as if it should be writ on satin,
With syllables which breathe of the sweet South,
And gentle liquids gliding all so pat in,
That not a single accent seems uncouth,
Like our harsh northern whistling, grunting guttural,
Which we're obliged to hiss, and spit, and sputter all.

XLV.

I like the women too (forgive my folly),
From the rich peasant-cheek of ruddy bronze,
And large black eyes that flash on you a volley
Of rays that say a thousand things at once,
To the high dama's brow, more melancholy,
But clear, and with a wild and liquid glance,
Heart on her lips, and soul within her eyes,
Soft as her clime, and sunny as her skies.

XLVI.

Eve of the land which still is Paradise!
Italian beauty! didst thou not inspire
Raphael,[4] who died in thy embrace, and vies
With all we know of Heaven, or can desire,
In what he hath bequeath'd us?—in what guise,
Though flashing from the fervour of the lyre,
Would *words* describe thy past and present glow,
While yet Canova can create below?*

---

* *Note.*

(In talking thus, the writer, more especially
Of women, would be understood to say,
He speaks as a spectator, not officially,
And always, reader, in a modest way;
Perhaps, too, in no very great degree shall he
Appear to have offended in this lay,
Since, as all know, without the sex, our sonnets
Would seem unfinish'd like their untrimm'd bonnets.)

(Signed) PRINTER'S DEVIL.

XLVII.

„England! with all thy faults I love thee still,“
I said at Calais, and have not forgot it;
I like to speak and lucubrate my fill;
I like the government (but that is not it);
I like the freedom of the press and quill;
I like the Habeas Corpus (when we've got it);
I like a parliamentary debate,
Particularly when 'tis not too late;

XLVIII.

I like the taxes, when they're not too many;
I like a seacoal fire, when not too dear;
I like a beaf-steak, too, as well as any;
Have no objection to a pot of beer;
I like the weather, when it is not rainy,
That is, I like two months of every year.
And so God save the Regent, Church, and King!
Which means that I like all and every thing.

XLIX.

Our standing army, and disbanded seamen,
Poor's rate, Reform, my own, the nation's debt,
Our little riots just to show we are free men,
Our trifling bankruptcies in the Gazette,
Our cloudy climate, and our chilly women,
All these I can forgive, and those forget,
And greatly venerate our recent glories,
And wish they were not owing to the Tories.

L.

But to my tale of Laura,—for I find
Digression is a sin, that by degrees
Becomes exceeding tedious to my mind,
And, therefore, may the reader too displease—
The gentle reader, who may wax unkind,
And caring little for the author's ease,
Insist on knowing what he means, a hard
And hapless situation for a bard.

LI.

Oh that I had the art of easy writing
What should be easy reading! could I scale
Parnassus, where the Muses sit inditing
Those pretty poems never known to fail,
How quickly would I print (the world delighting)
A Grecian, Syrian, or Assyrian tale;
And sell you, mix'd with western sentimentalism,
Some samples of the finest Orientalism.

LII.

But I am but a nameless sort of person,
(A broken Dandy lately on my travels)
And take for rhyme, to hook my rambling verse on,
The first that Walker's Lexicon unravels,
And when I can't find that, I put a worse on,
Not caring as I ought for critics' cavils;
I've half a mind to tumble down to prose,
But verse is more in fashion—so here goes.

LIII.

The Count and Laura made their new arrangement,
Which lasted, as arrangements sometimes do,
For half a dozen years without estrangement;
They had their little differences, too;
Those jealous whiffs, which never any change meant:
In such affairs there probably are few
Who have not had this pouting sort of squabble,
From sinners of high station to the rabble.

LIV.

But on the whole, they were a happy pair,
As happy as unlawful love could make them;
The gentleman was fond, the lady fair,
Their chains so slight, 'twas not worth while to break them:
The world beheld them with indulgent air;
The pious only wish'd „ the devil take them!"
He took them not; he very often waits,
And leaves old sinners to be young ones' baits.

LV.

But they were young: Oh! what without our youth
Would love be! What would youth be without
love!
Youth lends it joy, and sweetness, vigour, truth,
Heart, soul, and all that seems as from above;
But, languishing with years, it grows uncouth—
One of few things experience don't improve,
Which is, perhaps, the reason why old fellows
Are always so preposterously jealous.

LVI.

It was the Carnival, as I have said
Some six and thirty stanzas back, and so
Laura the usual preparations made,
Which you do when your mind's made up to go
To-night to Mrs. Boehm's masquerade,
Spectator, or partaker in the show;
The only difference known between the cases
Is—*here*, we have six weeks of „varnish'd faces."

LVII.

Laura, when drest, was (as I sang before)
A pretty woman as was ever seen,
Fresh as the Angel o'er a new inn door,
Or frontispiece of a new Magazine,
With all the fashions which the last month wore,
Colour'd, and silver paper leaved between
That and the title-page, for fear the press
Should soil with parts of speech the parts of dress.

LVIII.

They went to the Ridotto; — 'tis a hall
Where people dance, and sup, and dance again;
Its proper name, perhaps, were a masqued ball,
But that's of no importance to my strain;
'Tis (on a smaller scale) like our Vauxhall,
Excepting that it can't be spoilt by rain:
The company is „mix'd" (the phrase I quote is,
As much as saying, they're below your notice);

LIX.

For a „mixt company“ implies that, save
Yourself and friends, and half a hundred more,
Whom you may bow to without looking grave,
The rest are but a vulgar set, the bore
Of public places, where they basely brave
The fashionable stare of twenty score
Of well-bred persons, call'd „*the World;*“ but I,
Although I know them, really don't know why.

LX.

This is the case in England; at least was
During the dynasty of Dandies, now
Perchance succeeded by some other class
Of imitated imitators:—how
Irreparably soon decline, alas!
The demagogues of fashion: all below
Is frail; how easily the world is lost
By love, or war, and now and then by frost!

LXI.

Crush'd was Napoleon by the northern Thor,
Who knock'd his army down with icy hammer,
Stopp'd by the *elements*, like a whaler, or
A blundering novice in his new French grammar;
Good cause had he to doubt the chance of war,
And as for Fortune—but I dare not d—n her,
Because, were I to ponder to infinity,
The more I should believe in her divinity.

LXII.

She rules the present, past, and all to be yet,
She gives us luck in lotteries, love, and marriage;
I cannot say that she's done much for me yet;
Not that I mean her bounties to disparage,
We've not yet closed accounts, and we shall see yet
How much she'll make amends for past miscarriage;
Meantime the goddess I'll no more importune,
Unless to thank her when she's made my fortune.

LXIII.

To turn,—and to return ;—the devil take it!
This story slips for ever through my fingers,
Because, just as the stanza likes to make it,
It needs must be—and so it rather lingers;
This form of verse began, I can't well break it,
But must keep time and tune like public singers;
But if I once get through my present measure,
I'll take another when I'm next at leisure.

LXIV.

They went to the Ridotto ('tis a place
To which I mean to go myself to-morrow,
Just to divert my thoughts a little space,
Because I'm rather hippish, and may borrow
Some spirits, guessing at what kind of face
May lurk beneath each mask, and as my sorrow
Slackens its pace sometimes, I'll make, or find,
Something shall leave it half an hour behind.)

LXV.

Now Laura moves along the joyous crowd,
Smiles in her eyes, and simpers on her lips;
To some she whispers, others speaks aloud;
To some she curtsies, and to some she dips,
Complains of warmth, and this complaint avow'd,
Her lover brings the lemonade, she sips;
She then surveys, condemns, but pities still
Her dearest friends for being drest so ill.

LXVI.

One has false curls, another too much paint,
A third—where did she buy that frightful turban?
A fourth's so pale she fears she's going to faint,
A fifth's look's vulgar, dowdyish, and suburban,
A sixth's white silk has got a yellow taint,
A seventh's thin muslin surely will be her bane,
And lo! an eighth appears,—„I'll see no more!"
For fear, like Banquo's kings, they reach a score.

LXVII.

Mean time, while she was thus at others gazing,
Others were levelling their looks at her;
She heard the men's half-whisper'd mode of praising,
And, till 'twas done, determined not to stir;
The women only thought it quite amazing
That at her time of life so many were
Admirers still,—but men are so debased,
Those brazen creatures always suit their taste.

LXVIII.

For my part, now, I ne'er could understand
Why naughty women——but I won't discuss
A thing which is a scandal to the land,
I only don't see why it should be thus;
And if I were but in a gown and band,
Just to entitle me to make a fuss,
I'd preach on this till Wilberforce and Romilly
Should quote in their next speeches from my homily.

LXIX.

While Laura thus was seen and seeing, smiling,
Talking, she knew not why and cared not what,
So that her female friends, with envy broiling,
Beheld her airs and triumph, and all that;
And well drest males still kept before her filing,
And passing bow'd and mingled with her chat;
More than the rest one person seem'd to stare
With pertinacity that's rather rare.

LXX.

He was a Turk', the colour of mahogany;
And Laura saw him, and at first was glad,
Because the Turks so much admire philogyny,
Although their usage of their wives is sad;
'Tis said they use no better than a dog any
Poor woman, whom they purchase like a pad:
They have a number, though they ne'er exhibit 'em,
Four wives by law, and concubines „ad libitum."

LXXI.

They lock them up, and veil, and guard them daily,
They scarcely can behold their male relations,
So that their moments do not pass so gaily
As is supposed the case with northern nations;
Confinement, too, must make them look quite
palely:
And as the Turks abhor long conversations,
Their days are either past in doing nothing,
Or bathing, nursing, making love, and clothing.

LXXII.

They cannot read, and so don't lisp in criticism;
Nor write, and so they don't affect the muse;
Were never caught in epigram or witticism,
Have no romances, sermons, plays, reviews,—
In harams learning soon would make a pretty
schism!
But luckily these beauties are no „blues,"
No bustling Botherbys have they to show'em
„That charming passage in the last new poem."

LXXIII.

No solemn, antique gentleman of rhyme,
Who having angled all his life for fame,
And getting but a nibble at a time,
Still fussily keeps fishing on, the same
Small „Triton of the minnows," the sublime
Of mediocrity, the furious tame,
The echo's echo, usher of the school
Of female wits, boy bards — in short, a fool!

LXXIV.

A stalking oracle of awful phrase,
The approving „*Good!*" (by no means GOOD in law)
Humming like flies around the newest blaze,
The bluest of bluebottles you e'er saw,
Teasing with blame, excruciating with praise,
Gorging the little fame he gets all raw,
Translating tongues he knows not even by letter,
And sweating plays so middling, bad were better.

LXXV.

One hates an author that's *all author*, fellows
In foolscap uniforms turn'd up with ink,
So very anxious, clever, fine, and jealous,
One don't know what to say to them, or think,
Unless to puff them with a pair of bellows;
Of coxcombry's worst coxcombs e'en the pink
Are preferable to these shreds of paper,
These unquench'd snuffings of the midnight taper

LXXVI

Of these same we see several, and of others,
Men of the world, who know the world like men,
S—tt, R—s, M—re, and all the better brothers,
Who think of something else besides the pen;
But for the children of the „mighty mother's,"
The would-be wits and can't-be gentlemen,
I leave them to their daily „tea is ready,"
Smug coterie, and literary lady.

LXXVII.

The poor dear Mussulwomen whom I mention
Have none of these instructive pleasant people,
And *one* would seem to them a new invention,
Unknown as bells within a Turkish steeple;
I think 'twould almost be worth while to pension
(Though best-sown projects very often reap ill)
A missionary author, just to preach
Our Christian usage of the parts of speech.

LXXVIII.

No chemistry for them unfolds her gasses,
No metaphysics are let loose in lectures,
No circulating library amasses
Religious novels, moral tales, and strictures
Upon the living manners, as they pass us;
No exhibition glares with annual pictures;
They stare not on the stars from out their attics,
Nor deal (thank God for that!) in mathematics.

LXXIX.

Why I thank God for that is no great matter,
I have my reasons, you no doubt suppose,
And as, perhaps, they would not highly flatter,
I'll keep them for my life (to come) in prose;
I fear I have a little turn for satire,
And yet methinks the older that one grows
Inclines us more to laugh than scold, though laugh-
ter
Leaves us so doubly serious shortly after.

LXXX.

Oh, Mirth and Innocence! Oh, Milk and Water!
Ye happy mixtures of more happy days!
In these sad centuries of sin and slaughter,
Abominable Man no more allays
His thirst with such pure beverage. No matter,
I love you both, and both shall have my praise:
Oh, for old Saturn's reign of sugar-candy!—
Meantime I drink to your return in brandy.

LXXXI.

Our Laura's Turk still kept his eyes upon her,
Less in the Mussulman than Christian way,
Which seems to say, „Madam, I do you honour,
„And while I please to stare, you'll please to stay;"
Could staring win a woman, this had won her,
But Laura could not thus be led astray,
She had stood fire too long and well, to boggle
Even at this stranger's most outlandish ogle.

LXXXII.

The morning now was on the point of breaking,
A turn of time at which I would advise
Ladies who have been dancing, or partaking
In any other kind of exercise,
To make their preparations for forsaking
The ball-room ere the sun begins to rise,
Because when once the lamps and candles fail,
His blushes make them look a little pale.

LXXXIII.

I've seen some balls and revels in my time,
And staid them over for some silly reason,
And then I look'd, (I hope it was no crime,)
To see what lady best stood out the season;
And though I've seen some thousands in their prime,
Lovely and pleasing, and who still may please on,
I never saw but one, (the stars withdrawn,)
Whose bloom could after dancing dare the dawn.

LXXXIV.

The name of this Aurora I'll not mention,
Although I might, for she was nought to me
More than that patent work of God's invention,
A charming woman, whom we like to see;
But writing names would merit reprehension,
Yet if you like to find out this fair *she*,
At the next London or Parisian ball
You still may mark her cheek, out-blooming all.

LXXXV.

Laura, who knew it would not do at all
To meet the daylight after seven hours sitting
Among three thousand people at a ball,
To make her curtsy thought it right and fitting;
The Count was at her elbow with her shawl,
And they the room were on the point of quitting,
When lo! those cursed gondoliers had got
Just in the very place where they *should not.*

LXXXVI.

In this they're like our coachmen, and the cause
Is much the same — the crowd, and pulling, haul-
ing,
With blasphemies enough to break their jaws,
They make a never intermitted bawling.
At home, our Bow-street gemmen keep the laws,
And here a sentry stands within your calling;
But, for all that, there is a deal of swearing,
And nauseous words past mentioning or bearing

LXXXVII.

The Count and Laura found their boat at last,
And homeward floated o'er the silent tide;
Discussing all the dances gone and past;
The dancers and their dresses, too, beside;
Some little scandals eke: but all aghast
(As to their palace stairs the rowers glide,)
Sate Laura by the side of her Adorer,
When lo! the Mussulman was there before her.

LXXXVIII.

„Sir," said the Count, with brow exceeding grave,
„Your unexpected presence here will make
„It necessary for myself to crave
„Its import? But perhaps 'tis a mistake;
„I hope it is so; and at once to wave
„All compliment, I hope so for *your* sake;
„You understand my meaning, or you *shall*."
„Sir," (quoth the Turk) „'tis no mistake at all.

LXXXIX.

„That lady is *my wife*!“ Much wonder paints
The lady's changing cheek, as well it might;
But where an Englishwoman sometimes faints,
Italian females don't do so outright;
They only call a little on their saints,
And then come to themselves, almost or quite;
Which saves much hartshorn, salts, and sprinkling faces,
And cutting stays, as usual in such cases.

XC.

She said,—what could she say? Why not a word.
But the Count courteously invited in
The stranger, much appeased by what he heard:
„Such things, perhaps, we'd best discuss within,“
Said he; „don't let us make ourselves absurd
„In public; by a scene, nor raise a din,
„For then the chief and only satisfaction
„Will be much quizzing on the whole transaction.

XCI.

They enter'd, and for coffee call'd, — it came,
A beverage for Turks and Christians both,
Although the way they make it's not the same.
Now Laura, much recover'd, or less loth
To speak, cries „Beppo! what's your pagan name?
„Bless me! your beard is of amazing growth!
„And how came you to keep away so long?
„Are you not sensible 'twas very wrong?

XCII.

„And are you *really*, *truly*, now a Turk?
„With any other women did you wive?
„Is't true they use their fingers for a fork?
„Well, that's the prettiest shawl — as I'm alive!
„You'll give it me? They say you eat no pork.
„And how so many years did you contrive
„To — Bless me! did I ever? No, I never
„Saw a man grown so yellow! How's your liver?

XCIII.

„Beppo! that beard of yours becomes you not;
„It shall be shaved before you're a day older;
„Why do you wear it? Oh! I had forgot —
„Pray don't you think the weather here is colder?
„How do I look? You shan't stir from this spot
„In that queer dress, for fear that some beholder
„Should find you out, and make the story known.
„How short your hair is! Lord! how grey it's
grown!"

XCIV.

What answer Beppo made to these demands
Is more than I know. He was cast away
About where Troy stood once, and nothing stands;
Became a slave of course, and for his pay
Had bread and bastinadoes, till some bands
Of pirates landing in a neighbouring bay,
He join'd the rogues and prosper'd, and became
A renegado of indifferent fame.

XCV.

But he grew rich, and with his riches grew so
Keen the desire to see his home again,
He thought himself in duty bound to do so,
And not be always thieving on the main;
Lonely he felt, at times, as Robin Crusoe,
And so he hired a vessel come from Spain,
Bound for Corfu; she was a fine polacca,
Mann'd with twelve hands, and laden with tobacco.

XCVI.

Himself, and much (heaven knows how gotten)
cash,
He then embark'd, with risk of life and limb,
And got clear off, although the attempt was rash;
He said that *Providence* protected him —
For my part, I say nothing, lest we clash
In our opinions: — well, the ship was trim,
Set sail, and kept her reckoning fairly on,
Except three days of calm when off Cape Bonn.

XCVII.

They reach'd the island, he transferr'd his lading,
And self and live-stock, to another bottom,
And pass'd for a true Turkey-merchant, trading
With goods of various names, but I've forgot'em
However, he got off by this evading,
Or else the people would perhaps have shot him;
And thus at Venice landed to reclaim
His wife, religion, house, and Christian name.

XCVIII.

His wife received, the patriarch re-baptized him,
(He made the church a present by the way);
He then threw off the garments which disguised him,
And borrow'd the Count's small-clothes for a day:
His friends the more for his long absence prized him
Finding he'd wherewithal to make them gay,
With dinners, where he oft became the laugh of them,
For stories, — but *I* don't belie vethe half of them.

XCIX.

Whate'er his youth had suffer'd, his old age
With wealth and talking made him some amends;
Though Laura sometimes put him in a rage,
I've heard the Count and he were always friends.
My pen is at the bottom of a page,
Which being finish'd, here the story ends;
'Tis to be wish'd it had been sooner done,
But stories somehow lengthen when begun.

NOTES TO BEPPO.

Note 1, page 14, line 8.

Like the lost Pleiad seen no more below.

„Quae *septem* dici *sex* tamen esse solent.“ Ovid.

Note 2, page 19, last line.

His name Guiseppe, called more briefly, Beppo.

Beppo is the *Joe* of the Italian *Joseph*.

Note 3, page 25, line 11.

The Spaniards call the person a „Cortejo.“

„Cortejo“ is pronounced „Corte*h*o,“ with an aspirate, according to the Arabesque guttural. It means what there is as yet no precise name for in England, though the practice is as common as in any tramontane country whatever.

Note 4, page 30, line 3.

Raphael, who died in thy embrace, and vies.

For the received accounts of the cause of Raphael's death, see his Lives.

MAZEPPA.

MANETRA.

ADVERTISEMENT.

„CELUI qui remplissait alors cette place, était „un gentilhomme Polonais, nommé Mazeppa, né „dans le palatinat de Padolie; il avait été élevé „page de Jean Casimir, et avait pris à sa cour „quelque teinture des belles-lettres. Une intrigue „qu'il eut dans sa jeunesse avec la femme d'un „gentilhomme Polonais, ayant été découverte, le „mari le fit lier tout nu sur un cheval farouche, et „le laissa aller en cet état. Le cheval, qui était du „pays de l'Ukraine, y retourna, et y porta Mazeppa, „demi-mort de fatigue et de faim. Quelque pay- „sans le secoururent: il resta long-tems parmi eux, „et se signala dans plusieurs courses contre les „Tartares. La supériorité de ses lumières lui donna „une grande considération parmi les Cosaques: sa „réputation s'augmentant de jour en jour, obligea le „Czar à le faire Prince de l'Ukraine." — VOLTAIRE, *Histoire de Charles XII.* p. 196

„Le roi fuyant et poursuivi eut son cheval tué „sous lui; le Colonel Gieta, blessé, et perdant tout „sa sang, lui donna le sien. Ainsi on remit deux „fois à cheval, dans la suite, ce conquérant qui „n'avait puy monter pendant la bataille.“ — VOLTAIRE, *Histoire de Charles XII.* p. 216.

„Le roi alla par un autre chemin avec quelques „cavaliers. Le carrosse, où il était, rompit dans la „marche; on le remit à cheval. Pour comble de „disgrace, il s'égara pendant la nuit dans un bois; „là, son courage ne pouvant plus suppléer à ses „forces épuisées, les douleurs de sa blessure deve„nues plus insupportable par la fatigue, son che„val étant tombé de lassitude, il se coucha quel„ques heures au pied d'un arbre, en danger d'être „surpris à tout moment par les vainqueurs qui le „cherchaient de tous côtés.“ — VOLTAIRE, *Histoire de Charles XII.* p. 218

MAZEPPA.

I.

'TWAS after dread Pultowa's day,
When fortune left the royal Swede,
Around a slaughter'd army lay,
No more to combat and to bleed.
The power and glory of the war,
Faithless as their vain votaries, men,
Had pass'd to the triumphant Czar,
And Moscow's walls were safe again,

Until a day more dark and drear,
And a more memorable year,
Should give to slaughter and to shame
A mightier host and haughtier name;
A greater wreck, a deeper fall,
A shock to one — a thunderbolt to all.

II.

Such was the hazard of the die;
The wounded Charles was taught to fly
By day and night through field and flood,
Stain'd with his own and subjects' blood;
For thousands fell that flight to aid:
And not a voice was heard t'upbraid
Ambition in his humbled hour,
When truth had nought to dread from power.
His horse was slain, and Gieta gave
His own — and died the Russians' slave.
This too sinks after many a league
Of well sustain'd, but vain fatigue;
And in the depth of forests, darkling

The watch-fires in the distance sparkling —
The beacons of surrounding foes —
A king must lay his limbs at length.
Are these the laurels and repose
For which the nations strain their strength?
They laid him by a savage tree,
In out-worn nature's agony;
His wounds were stiff — his limbs were stark —
The heavy hour was chill and dark;
The fever in his blood forbade
A transient slumber's fitful aid:
And thus it was; but yet through all,
Kinglike the monarch bore his fall,
And made, in this extreme of ill,
His pangs the vassals of his will;
All silent and subdued were they,
As once the nations round him lay.

III.

A band of chiefs! — alas! how few,
Since but the fleeting of a day
Had thinn'd it; but this wreck was true

And chivalrous: upon the clay
Each sate him down, all sad and mute,
Beside his monarch and his steed,
For danger levels man and brute,
And all are fellows in their need.
Among the rest, Mazeppa made
His pillow in an old oak's shade —
Himself as rough, and scarce less old,
The Ukraine's hetman, calm and bold;
But first, outspent with this long course,
The Cossack prince rubb'd down his horse,
And made for him a leafy bed,
And smooth'd his fetlocks and his mane,
And slack'd his girth, and stripp'd his rein,
And joy'd to see how well he fed;
For until now he had the dread
His wearied courser might refuse
To browze beneath the midnight dews:
But he was hardy as his lord,
And little cared for bed and board;
But spirited and docile too;
Whate'er was to be done, would do.

Shaggy and swift, and strong of limb,
All Tartar-like he carried him;
Obey'd his voice, and came at call,
And knew him in the midst of all:
Though thousands were around, — and Night,
Without a star, pursued her flight, —
That steed from sunset until dawn
His chief would fallow like a fawn.

IV.

This done, Mazeppa spread his cloak,
And laid his lance beneath his oak,
Felt if his arms in order good
The long day's march had well withstood —
If still the powder fill'd the pan,
And flints unloosen'd kept their lock —
His sabre's hilt and scabbard felt,
And whether they had chafed his belt —
And next the venerable man,
From out his haversack and can,
Prepared and spread his slender stock;
And to the monarch and his men

The whole or portion offer'd then
With far less of inquietude
Than courtiers at a banquet would.
And Charles of this his slender share
With smiles partook a moment there,
To force of cheer a greater show,
And seem above both wounds and woe; —
And then he said — „ Of all our band,
„Though firm of heart and strong of hand,
„In skirmish, march, or forage, none
„Can less have said or more have done
„Than thee, Mazeppa! On the earth
„So fit a pair had never birth,
„Since Alexander's days till now,
„As thy Bucephalus and thou:
„All Scythia's fame to thine should yield
„For pricking on o'er flood and field."
Mazeppa answer'd — „ Ill betide
„The school wherein I learn'd to ride!"
Quoth Charles — „ Old Hetman, wherefore so,
„Since thou hast learn'd the art so well?"
Mazeppa said — „ 'Twere long to tell;

„And we have many a league to go
„With every now and then a blow,
„And ten to one at least the foe,
„Before our steeds may graze at ease
„Beyond the swift Borysthenes:
„And, sire, your limbs have need of rest,
„And I will be the sentinel
„Of this your troop.“ — „But I request,“
Said Sweden's monarch, “ thou wilt tell
„This tale of thine, and I may reap,
„Perchance, from this the boon of sleep,
„For at this moment from my eyes
„The hope of present slumber flies.“

„Well, sire, with such a hope, I'll track
„My seventy years of memory back:
„I think 'twas in my twentieth spring, —
„Ay, 'twas, — when Casimir was king —
„John Casimir, — I was his page
„Six summers in my earlier age;
„A learned monarch, faith! was he,
„And most unlike your majesty:

„He made no wars, and did not gain
„New realms to lose them back again;
„And (save debates in Warsaw's diet)
„He reign'd in most unseemly quiet;
„Not that he had no cares to vex,
„He loved the muses and the sex;
„And sometimes these so froward are,
„They made him wish himself at war;
„But soon his wrath being o'er, he took
„Another mistress, or new book:
„ And then he gave prodigious fêtes —
„All Warsaw gather'd round his gates
„To gaze upon his splendid court,
„And dames, and chiefs, of princely port:
„He was the Polish Solomon,
„So sung his poets, all but one,
„Who, being unpension'd, made a satire,
„And boasted that he could not flatter.
„It was a court of jousts and mimes,
„Where every courtier tried at rhymes;
„Even I for once produced some verses,
„And sign'd my odes Despairing Thirsis.

„There was a certain Palatine,
„A count of far and high descent,
„Rich as a salt or silver mine;*
„And he was proud, ye may divine,
„As if from heaven he had been sent:
„He had such wealth in blood and ore
„As few could match beneath the throne;
„And he would gaze upon his store,
„And o'er his pedigree would pore,
„Until by some confusion led,
„Which almost look'd like want of head,
„He thought their merits were his own.
„His wife was not of his opinion —
„His junior she by thirty years —
„Grew daily tired of his dominion;
„And, after wishes, hopes, and fears,
„To virtue a few farewell tears,
„A restless dream or two, some glances
„At Warsaw's youth, some songs, and dances,

*This comparison of a „*salt* mine" may perhaps be permitted to a Pole, as the wealth of the country consists greatly in the salt mines.

„Awaited but the usual chances,
„Those happy accidents which render
„The coldest dames so very tender,
„To deck her Count with titles given,
„'Tis said, as passports into heaven;
„But, strange to say, they rarely boast
„Of these who have deserved them most.

V.

„I was a goodly stripling then;
„At seventy years I so may say,
„That there were few, or boys or men,
„Who, in my dawning time of day,
„Of vassal or of knight's degree,
„Could vie in vanities with me;
„For I had strength, youth, gaiety,
„A port, not like to this ye see,
„But smooth, as all is rugged now;
„For time, and care, and war, have plough'd
„My very soul from out my brow;
„And thus I should be disavow'd
„By all my kind and kin, could they

„Compare my day and yesterday;
„This change was wrought, too, long ere age
„Had ta'en my features for his page:
„With years, ye know, have not declined
„My strength, my courage, or my mind,
„Or at this hour I should not be
„Telling old tales beneath a tree,
„With starless skies my canopy.
„But let me on: Theresa's form —
„Methinks it glides before me now,
„Between me and yon chestnut's bough,
„The memory is so quick and warm;
„And yet I find no words to tell
„The shape of her I loved so well:
„She had the Asiatic eye,
„Such as our Turkish neighbourhood
„Hath mingled with our Polish blood,
„Dark as above us is the sky;
„But through it stole a tender light,
„Like the first moonrise at midnight;
„Large, dark, and swimming in the stream,
„Which seem'd to melt to its own beam;

„All love, half languor, and half fire,
„Like saints that at the stake expire,
„And lift their raptured looks on high,
„As though it were a joy to die.
„A brow like a midsummer lake,
„Transparent with the sun therein,
„When waves no murmur dare to make,
„And heaven beholds her face within.
„A cheek and lip — but why proceed?
„I loved her then — I love her still;
„And such as I am, love indeed
„In fierce extremes — in good and ill.
„But still we love even in our rage,
„And haunted to our very age
„With the vain shadow of the past,
„As is Mazeppa to the last.

VI.

„We met — we gazed — I saw, and sigh'd,
„She did not speak, and yet replied;
„There are ten thousand tones and signs
„We hear and see, but none defines —

„Involuntary sparks of thought,
„Which strike from out the heart o'erwrought,
„And form a strange intelligence,
„Alike mysterious and intense,
„Which link the burning chain that binds,
„Without their will, young hearts and minds;
„Conveying, as the electric wire,
„We know not how, the absorbing fire. —
„I saw, and sigh'd — in silence wept,
„And still reluctant distance kept,
„Until I was made known to her,
„And we might then and there confer
„Without suspicion — then, even then,
„I long'd, and was resolved to speak;
„But on my lips they died again,
„The accents tremulous and weak,
„Until one hour. — There is a game,
„A frivolous and foolish play,
„Wherewith we while away the day;
„It is — I have forgot the name —
„And we to this, it seems, were set,
„By some strange chance, which I forget;

„I reck'd not if I won or lost,
„It was enough for me to be
„So near to hear, and oh! to see
„The being whom I loved the most. —
„I watch'd her as a sentinel,
„(May ours this dark night watch as well!)
„Until I saw, and thus it was,
„That she was pensive, nor perceived
„Her occupation, nor was grieved
„Nor glad to lose or gain; but still
„Play'd on for hours, as if her will
„Yet bound her to the place, though not
„That hers might be the winning lot.
„Then through my brain the thought did pass
„Even as a flash of lightning there,
„That there was something in her air
„Which would not doom me to despair;
„And on the thought my words broke forth;
„All incoherent as they were —
„Their eloquence was little worth,
„But yet she listen'd — 'tis enough —
„Who listens once will listen twice;

„Her heart, be sure, is not of ice,
„And one refusal no rebuff.

VII.

„I loved, and was beloved again —
„They tell me, Sire, you never knew
„Those gentle frailties; if 'tis true,
„I shorten all my joy or pain;
„To you 'twould seem absurd as vain;
„But all men are not born to reign,
„Or o'er their passions, or as you
„Thus o'er themselves and nations too.
„I am — or rather *was* — a prince,
„A chief of thousands, and could lead
„Them on where each would foremost bleed;
„But could not o'er myself evince
„The like control — But to resume:
„I loved, and was beloved again;
„In sooth, it is a happy doom,
„But yet where happiest ends in pain. —
„We met in secret, and the hour
„Which led me to that lady's bower

„Was fiery Expectation's dower.
„My days and nights were nothing — all
„Except that hour, which doth recal
„In the long lapse from youth to age
„No other like itself — I'd give
„The Ukraine back again to live
„It o'er once more — and be a page,
„The happy page, who was the lord
„Of one soft heart, and his own sword,
„And had no other gem nor wealth
„Save nature's gift of youth and health. —
„We met in secret — doubly sweet,
„Some say, they find it so to meet;
„I know not that — I would have given
„My life but to have call'd her mine
„In the full view of earth and heaven;
„For I did oft and long repine
„That we could only meet by stealth.

VIII.

„For lovers there are many eyes,
„And such there were on us; — the devil

„On such occasions should be civil —
„The devil! — I'm loth to do him wrong,
„It might be some untoward saint,
„Who would not be at rest too long,
„But to his pious bile gave vent —
„But one fair night, some lurking spies
„Surprised and seized us both.
„The Count was something more than wroth —
„I was unarm'd; but if in steel,
„All cap-à-pie from head to heel,
„What 'gainst their numbers could I do? —
„'Twas near his castle, far away
„From city or from succour near,
„And almost on the break of day;
„I did noth think to see another,
„My moments seem'd reduced to few;
„And with one prayer to Mary Mother,
„And, it may be, a saint or two,
„As I resign'd me to my fate,
„They led me to the castle gate:
„Theresa's doom I never knew,
„Our lot was henceforth separate —

„An angry man, ye may opine,
„Was he, the proud Count Palatine,
„And he had reason good to be,
„But he was most enraged lest such
„An accident should chance to touch
„Upon his future pedigree;
„Nor less amazed, that such a blot
„His noble 'scutcheon should have got,
„While he was highest of his line;
„Because unto himself he seem'd
„The first of men, nor less he deem'd
„In others' eyes, and most in mine.
„'S death! with a *page* — perchance a king
„Had reconciled him to the thing;
„But with a stripling of a page —
„I felt — but cannot paint his rage.

IX.

„Bring forth the horse!" — the horse was brought;
„In truth, he was a noble steed,
„A Tartar of the Ukraine breed,
„Who look'd as though the speed of thought

„Were in his limbs; but he was wild,
„Wild as the wild deer, and untaught,
„With spur and bridle undefiled —
„'Twas but a day he had been caught;
„And snorting, with erected mane,
„And struggling fiercely, but in vain,
„In the full foam of wrath and dread
„To me the desert-born was led:
„They bound me on, that menial throng,
„Upon his back with many a thong;
„Then loosed him with a sudden lash —
„Away! — away! — and on we dash! —
„Torrents less rapid and less rash.

X.

„Away! — away! — My breath was gone —
„I saw not where he hurried on:
„'Twas scarcely yet the break of day,
„And on he foam'd — away! — away! —
„The last of human sounds which rose,
„As I was darted from my foes,
„Was the wild shout of savage laughter,
„Which on the wind came roaring after

„A moment from that rabble rout:
„With sudden wrath I wrench'd my head,
„And snapp'd the cord, which to the mane
„Had bound my neck in lieu of rein,
„And, writhing half my form about,
„Howl'd back my curse; but 'midst the tread,
„The thunder of my courser's speed,
„Perchance they did not hear nor heed:
„It vexes me — for I would fain
„Have paid their insult back again.
„I paid it well in after days:
„There is not of that castle gate,
„Its drawbridge and portcullis' weight,
„Stone bar, moat, bridge, or barrier left;
„Nor of its fields a blade of grass,
„Save what grows on a ridge of wall,
„Where stood the hearth-stone of the hall;
„And many a time ye there might pass,
„Nor dream that e'er that fortress was:
„I saw its turrets in a blaze,
„Their crackling battlements all cleft,
„And the hot lead pour down like rain

„From off the scorch'd and blackening roof,
„Whose thickness was not vengeance-proof.
„They little thought that day of pain,
„When lanch'd, as on the lightning's flash,
„They bade me to destruction dash,
„That one day I should come again,
„With twice five thousand horse, to thank
„The Count for his uncourteous ride.
„They play'd me then a bitter prank,
„When, with the wild horse for my guide,
„They bound me to his foaming flank:
„At length I play'd them one as frank —
„For time at last sets all things even —
„And if we do but watch the hour,
„There never yet was human power
„Which could evade, if unforgiven,
„The patient search and vigil long
„Of him who treasures up a wrong.

XI.

„Away, away, my steed and I,
„Upon the pinions of the wind,
„All human dwellings left behind;

„We sped like meteors through the sky,
„When with its crackling sound the night
„Is chequer'd with the northern light:
„Town — village — none were on our track,
„But a wild plain of far extent,
„And bounded by a forest black;
„And, save the scarce seen battlement
„On distant heights of some strong hold,
„Against the Tartars built of old,
„No trace of man. The year before
„A Turkish army had march'd o'er;
„And where the Spahi's hoof hath trod,
„The verdure flies the bloody sod: —
„The sky was dull, and dim, and gray,
„And a low breeze crept moaning by —
„I could have answer'd with a sigh —
„But fast we fled, away, away —
„And I could neither sigh nor pray;
„And my cold sweat-drops fell like rain
„Upon the courser's bristling mane;
„But, snorting still with rage and fear,
„He flew upon his far career:

„At times I almost thought, indeed,
„He must have slacken'd in his speed;
„But no — my bound and slender frame
„Was nothing to his angry might,
„And merely like a spur became:
„Each motion which I made to free
„My swoln limbs from their agony
„Increased his fury and affright:
„I tried my voice, — 'twas faint and low;
„But yet he swerved as from a blow;
„And, starting to each accent, sprang
„As from a sudden trumpet's clang:
„Meantime my cords were wet with gore,
„Which, oozing through my limbs, ran o'er;
„And in my tongue the thirst became
„A something fierier far than flame.

XII.

„We neard the wild wood — 'twas so wide;
„I saw no bounds on either side;
„'Twas studded with old sturdy trees,
„That bent not to the roughest breeze

„Which howls down from Siberia's waste,
„And strips the forest in its haste, —
„But these were few, and far between
„Set thick with shrubs more young and green,
„Luxuriant with their annual leaves,
„Ere strown by those autumnal eves
„That nip the forest's foliage dead,
„Discolour'd with a lifeless red,
„Which stands thereon like stiffen'd gore
„Upon the slain when battle's o'er,
„And some long winter's night hath shed
„Its frost o'er every tombless head,
„So cold and stark the raven's beak
„May peck unpierced each frozen cheek:
„'Twas a wild waste of underwood,
„And here and there a chestnut stood,
„The strong oak, and the hardy pine;
„But far apart — and well it were,
„Or else a different lot were mine —
„The boughs gave way, and did not tear
„My limbs; and I found strength to bear
„My wounds, already scarr'd with cold —

„My bonds forbade to loose my hold.
„We rustled through the leaves like wind,
„Left shrubs, and trees, and wolves behind;
„By night I heard them on the track,
„Their troop came hard upon our back,
„With their long gallop, which can tire
„The hounds deep hate, and hunter's fire:
„Where'er we flew they follow'd on,
„Nor left us with the morning sun;
„Behind I saw them, scarce a rood,
„At day-break winding through the wood,
„And through the night had heard their feet
„Their stealing, rustling step repeat.
„Oh! how I wish'd for spear or sword,
„At least to die amidst the horde,
„And perish — if it must be so —
„At bay, destroying many a foe.
„When first my courser's race begun,
„I wish'd the goal already won;
„But now I doubted strength and speed.
„Vain doubt! his swift and savage breed
„Had nerved him like the mountain-roe;

„Nor faster falls the blinding snow
„Which whelms the peasant near the door
„Whose threshold he shall cross no more,
„Bewilder'd with the dazzling blast,
„Than through the forest-paths he past —
„Untired, untamed, and worse than wild;
„All furious as a favour'd child
„Balk'd of its wish; or fiercer still —
„A woman piqued — who has her will.

XIII.

„The wood was past; 'twas more than noon,
„But chill the air, although in June;
„Or it might be my veins ran cold —
„Prolong'd endurance tames the bold;
„And I was then not what I seem,
„But headlong as a wintry stream,
„And wore my feelings out before
„I well could count their causes o'er:
„And what with fury, fear, and wrath,
„The tortures which beset my path,
„Cold, hunger, sorrow, shame, distress,

„Thus bound in nature's nakedness;
„Sprung from a race whose rising blood
„When stirr'd beyond its calmer mood,
„And trodden hard upon, is like
„The rattle-snake's, in act to strike,
„What marvel if this worn-out trunk
„Beneath its woes a moment sunk?
„The earth gave way, the skies roll'd round,
„I seem'd to sink upon the ground;
„But err'd, for I was fastly bound.
„My heart turn'd sick, my brain grew sore,
„And throbb'd awhile, then beat no more;
„The skies spun like a mighty wheel;
„I saw the trees like drunkards reel,
„And a slight flash sprang o'er my eyes,
„Which saw no farther: he who dies
„Can die no more than then I died.
„O'ertortured by that ghastly ride,
„I felt the blackness come and go,
„And strove to wake; but could not make
„My senses climb up from below:
„I felt as on a plank at sea,

„When all the waves that dash o'or thee,
„At the same time upheave and whelm,
„And hurl thee towards a desert realm.
„My undulating life was as
„The fancied lights that flitting pass
„Our shut eyes in deep midnight, when
„Fever begins upon the brain;
„But soon it pass'd, with little pain,
„But a confusion worse than such:
„I own that I should deem it much,
„Dying, to feel the same again;
„And yet I do suppose we must
„Feel far more ere we turn to dust:
„No matter; I have bared my brow
„Full in Death's face — before — and now.

XIV.

„My thoughts came back; where was I? Cold,
„And numb, and giddy: pulse by pulse
„Life reassumed its lingering hold,
„And throb by throb; till grown a pang
„Which for a moment would convulse,

„My blood reflow'd, though thick and chill;
„My ear with uncouth noises rang,
„My heart began once more to thrill;
„My sight return'd, though dim; alas!
„And thicken'd, as it were, with glass.
„Methought the dash of waves was nigh;
„There was a gleam too of the sky,
„Studded with stars; — it is no dream;
„The wild horse swims the wilder stream!
„The bright broad river's gushing tide
„Sweeps, winding onward, far and wide,
„And we are half-way, struggling o'er
„To yon unknown and silent shore.
„The waters broke my hollow trance,
„And with a temporary strength
„My stiffen'd limbs were rebaptized.
„My courser's broad breast proudly braves,
„And dashes off the ascending waves,
„And onward we advance!
„We reach the slippery shore at length,
„A haven I but little prized,
„For all behind was dark and drear,

„And all before was night and fear.
„How many hours of night or day
„In those suspended pangs I lay,
„I could not tell; I scarcely knew
„If this were human breath I drew.

XV.

„With glossy skin, and dripping mane,
„And reeling limbs, and reeking flank,
„The wild steed's sinewy nerves still strain
„Up the repelling bank.
„We gain the top: a boundless plain
„Spreads through the shadow of the night,
„And onward, onward, onward, seems
„Like precipices in our dreams,
„To stretch beyond the sight;
„And here and there a speck of white,
„Or scatter'd spot of dusky green,
„In masses broke into the light,
„As rose the moon upon my right.
„But nought distinctly seen
„In the dim waste, would indicate

„The omen of a cottage gate;
„No twinkling taper from afar
„Stood like an hospitable star;
„Not even an ignis-fatuus rose
„To make him merry with my woes:
„That very cheat had cheer'd me then!
„Although detected, welcome still,
„Reminding me, through every ill,
„Of the abodes of men.

XVI.

„Onward we went —but slack and slow;
„His savage force at length o'erspent,
„The drooping courser, faint and low,
„All feebly foaming went.
„A sickly infant had had power
„To guide him forward in that hour;
„But useless all to me.
„His new-born tameness nought avail'd,
„My limbs were bound; my force had fail'd,
„Perchance, had they been free.
„With feeble effort still I tried

„To rend the bonds so starkly tied —
„But still it was in vain;
„My limbs were only wrung the more,
„And soon the idle strife gave o'er,
„Which but prolong'd their pain:
„The dizzy race seem'd almost done,
„Although no goal was nearly won:
„Some streaks announced the coming sun —
„How slow, alas! he came!
„Methought that mist of dawning gray
„Would never dapple into day;
„How heavily it roll'd away —
„Before the eastern flame
„Rose crimson, and deposed the stars,
„And call'd the radiance from their cars,
„And fill'd the earth, from his deep throne,
„With lonely lustre, all his own.

XVII.

„Up rose the sun; the mists were curl'd
„Back from the solitary world
„Which lay around — behind — before:

„What booted it to traverse o'er
„Plain, forest, river? Man nor brute,
„Nor dint of hoof, nor print of foot,
„Lay in the wild luxuriant soil;
„No sign of travel — none of toil;
„The very air was mute;
„And not an insect's shrill small horn,
„Nor matin bird's new voice was borne
„From herb nor thicket. Many a werst,
„Panting as if his heart would burst,
„The weary brute still stagger'd on;
„And still we were — or seem'd — alone:
„At length, while reeling on our way,
„Methought I heard a courser neigh,
„From out you tuft of blackening firs.
„Is it the wind those branches stirs?
„No, no! from out the forest prance
„A trampling troop; I see them come!
„In one vast squadron they advance!
„I strove to cry — my lips were dumb.
„The steeds rush on in plunging pride;
„But where are they the reins to guide?

„A thousand horse — and none to ride!
„With flowing tail, and flying mane,
„Wide nostrils — never stretch'd by pain,
„Mouths bloodless to the bit or rein,
„And feet that iron never shod,
„And flanks unscarr'd by spur or rod.
„A thousand horse, the wild, the free,
„Like waves that follow o'er the sea,
„Came thickly thundering on,
„As if our faint approach to meet;
„The sight re-nerved my courser's feet,
„A moment staggering, feebly fleet,
„A moment, with a faint low neigh,
„He answer'd, and then fell;
„With gasps and glazing eyes he lay,
„And reeking limbs immoveable,
„His first and last career is done!
„On came the troop — they saw him stoop,
„They saw me strangely bound along
„His back with many a bloody thong:
„They stop — they start — they snuff the air,
„Gallop a moment here and there,

„Approach, retire, wheel round and round,
„Then plunging back with sudden bound,
„Headed by one black mighty steed,
„Who seem'd the patriarch of his breed,
„Without a single speck or hair
„Of white upon his shaggy hide;
„They snort — they foam — neigh — swerve aside,
„And backward to the forest fly,
„By instinct, from a human eye. —
„They left me there, to my despair,
„Link'd to the dead and stiffening wretch,
„Whose lifeless limbs beneath me stretch,
„Relieved from that unwonted weight,
„From whence I could not extricate
„Nor him nor me — and there we lay,
„The dying on the dead!
„I little deem'd another day
„Would see my houseless, helpless head.

„And there from morn till twilight bound,
„I felt the heavy hours toil round,
„With just enough of life to see

„My last of suns go down on me,
„In hopeless certainty of mind,
„That makes us feel at length resign'd
„To that which our foreboding years
„Presents the worst and last of fears
„Inevitable — even a boon,
„Nor more unkind for coming soon;
„Yet shunn'd and dreaded with such care,
„As if it only were a snare
„That prudence might escape:
„At times both wish'd for and implored,
„At times sought with self-pointed sword,
„Yet still a dark and hideous close
„To even intolerable woes,
„And welcome in no shape.
„And, strange to say, the sons of pleasure,
„They who have revell'd beyond measure
„In beauty, wassail, wine, and treasure,
„Die calm, or calmer, oft than he
„Whose heritage was misery:
„For he who hath in turn run through
„All that was beautiful and new,
„Hath nought to hope, and nought to leave·

„And, save the future, (which is view'd
„Not quite as men are base or good,
„But as their nerves may be endued),
„With nought perhaps to grieve: —
„The wretch still hopes his woes must end,
„And Death, whom he should deem his friend,
„Appears, to his distemper'd eyes,
„Arrived to rob him of his prize,
„The tree of his new Paradise.
„To-morrow would have given him all,
„Repaid his pangs, repair'd his fall;
„To-morrow would have been the first
„Of days no more deplored or curst,
„But bright, and long, and beckoning years,
„Seen dazzling through the mist of tears,
„Guerdon of many a painful hour;
„To-morrow would have given him power
„To rule, to shine, to smite, to save —
„And must it dawn upon his grave?

XVIII.

„The sun was sinking — still I lay
„Chain'd to the chill and stiffening steed,

„I thought to mingle there our clay;
„And my dim eyes of death had need,
„No hope arose of being freed:
„I cast my last looks up the sky,
„And there between me and the sun
„I saw the expecting raven fly,
„Who scarce would wait till both should die,
„Ere his repast begun;
„He flew, and perch'd, then flew once more,
„And each time nearer than before;
„I saw his wing through twilight flit,
„And once so near me he alit
„I could have smote, but lack'd the strength;
„But the slight motion of my hand,
„And feeble scratching of the sand,
„The exerted throat's faint struggling noise,
„Which scarcely could be call'd a voice,
„Together scared him off at length. —
„I know no more — my latest dream
„Is something of a lovely star
„Which fix'd my dull eyes from afar,
„And went and came with wandering beam,

„And of the cold, dull, swimming, dense
„Sensation of recurring sense,
„And then subsiding back to death,
„And then again a little breath,
„A little thrill, a short suspense,
„An icy sickness curdling o'er
„My heart, and sparks that cross'd my brain —
„A gasp, a throb, a start of pain,
„A sigh, and nothing more.

XIX.

„I woke — Where was I? — Do I see
„A human face look down on me?
„And doth a roof above me close?
„Do these limbs on a couch repose?
„Is this a chamber where I lie?
„And is it mortal yon bright eye,
„That watches me with gentle glance?
„I closed my own again once more,
„As doubtful that the former trance
„Could not as yet be o'er.
„A slender girl, long-hair'd, and tall,

„Sate watching by the cottage wall;
„The sparkle of her eye I caught,
„Even with my first return of thought;
„For ever and anon she threw
„A prying, pitying glance on me
„With her black eyes so wild and free:
„I gazed, and gazed, until I knew
„No vision it could be, —
„But that I lived, and was released
„From adding to the vulture's feast:
„And when the Cossack maid beheld
„My heavy eyes at length unseal'd,
„She smiled — and I essay'd to speak,
„But fail'd — and she approach'd, and made
„With lip and finger signs that said,
„I must not strive as yet to break
„The silence, till my strength should be
„Enough to leave my accents free;
„And then her hand on mine she laid,
„And smooth'd the pillow for my head,
„And stole along on tiptoe tread,
„And gently oped the door, and spake

„In whispers — ne'er was voice so sweet!
„Even music follow'd her light feet; —
„But those she call'd were not awake,
„And she went forth; but, ere she pass'd,
„Another look on me she cast,
„Another sign she made, to say,
„That I had nought to fear, that all
„Were near, at my command or call,
„And she would not delay
„Her due return: — while she was gone,
„Methought I felt too much alone.

XX.

„She came with mother and with sire —
„What need of more? — I will not tire
„With long recital of the rest,
„Since I became the Cossacks' guest:
„They found me senseless on the plain —
„They bore me to the nearest hut —
„They brought me into life again —
„Me — one day o'er their realm to reign!
„Thus the vain fool who strove to glut

„His rage, refining on my pain,
„Sent me forth to the wilderness,
„Bound, naked, bleeding, and alone,
'„To pass the desert to a throne, —
„What mortal his own doom may guess? —
„Let none despond, let none despair!
„To-morrow the Borysthenes
„May see our coursers graze at ease
„Upon his Turkish bank, — and never
„Had I such welcome for a river
„As I shall yield when safely there.
„Comrades, good night!“ — The Hetman threw
His length beneath the oak-tree shade,
With leafy couch already made,
A bed nor comfortless nor new
To him, who took his rest whene'er
The hour arrived, no matter where: —
His eyes the hastening slumbers steep.
And if ye marvel Charles forgot
To thank his tale, *he* wonder'd not, —
The king had been an hour asleep.

O D E.

ODE

ODE.

I.

OH Venice! Venice! when thy marble walls
Are level with the waters, there shall be
A cry of nations o'er thy sunken halls,
A loud lament along the sweeping sea!
If I, a northern wanderer, weep for thee,
What should thy sons do? — any thing but weep:
And yet they only murmur in their sleep.
In contrast with their fathers — as the slime,
The dull green ooze of the receding deep,
Is with the dashing of the spring-tide foam,
That drives the sailor shipless to his home,
Are they to those that were; and thus they creep,
Crouching and crab-like, through their sapping streets.

Oh! agony — that centuries should reap
No mellower harvest! Thirteen hundred years
Of wealth and glory turn'd to dust and tears;

And every monument the stranger meets,
Church, palace, pillar, as a mourner greets;
And even the Lion all subdued appears,
And the harsh sound of the barbarian drum,
With dull and daily dissonance, repeats
The echo of thy tyrants voice along
The soft waves, once all musical to song,
That heaved beneath the moonlight with the throng
Of gondolas — and to the busy hum
Of cheerful creatures, whose most sinful deeds
Were but the overbeating of the heart,
And flow of too much happiness, which needs
The aid of age to turn its course apart
From the luxuriant and voluptuous flood
Of sweet sensations, battling with the blood.
But these are better than the gloomy errors,
The weeds of nations in their last decay,
When Vice walks forth with her unsoften'd terrors,
And Mirth is madness; and but smiles to slay;
And Hope is nothing but a false delay,
The sick man's lightning half an hour ere death,
When Faintness, the last mortal birth of Pain,

And apathy of limb, the dull beginning
Of the cold staggering race which Death is winning,
Steals vein by vein and pulse by pulse away;
Yet so relieving the o'er-tortured clay,
To him appears renewal of his breath,
And freedom the mere numbness of his chain; —
And then he talks of life, and how again
He feels his spirits soaring — albeit weak,
And of the fresher air, which he would seek;
And as he whispers knows not that he gasps,
That his thin finger feels not what it clasps,
And so the film comes o'er him — and the dizzy
Chamber swims round and round — and shadows busy,
At which he vainly catches, flit and gleam,
Till the last rattle chokes the strangled scream,
And all is ice and blackness, — and the earth
That which it was the moment ere our birth,

II.

There is no hope for nations! — Search the page
Of many thousand years — the daily scene,

The flow and ebb of each recurring age,
The everlasting *to be* which *hath been*,
Hath taught us nought or little: still we lean
On things that rot beneath our weight, and wear
Our strength away in wrestling with the air;
For 'tis our nature strikes us down: the beasts
Slaughter'd in hourly hecatombs for feasts
Are of as high an order — they must go
Even where their driver goads them, though to slaughter.
Ye men, who pour your blood for kings as water,
What have they given your children in return?
A heritage of servitude and woes,
A blindfold bondage, where your hire is blows.
What! do not yet the red-hot ploughshares burn,
O'er which you stumble in a false ordeal,
And deem this proof of loyalty the *real;*
Kissing the hand that guides you to your scars,
And glorying as you tread the glowing bars?
All that your sires have left you, all that Time
Bequeaths of free, and History of sublime,
Spring from a different theme! — Ye see and read,

Admire and sigh, and then succumb and bleed!
Save the few spirits, who, despite of all,
And worse than all, the sudden crimes engender'd
By the down-thundering of the prison-wall,
And thirst to swallow the sweet waters tender'd,
Gushing from Freedom's fountains — when the crowd,
Madden'd with centuries of drought, are loud,
And trample on each other to obtain
The cup which brings oblivion of a chain
Heavy and sore, -in which long yoked they plough'd
The sand, - or if there sprung the yellow grain,
'Twas not for them, their necks were too much bow'd,
And their dead palates chew'd the cud of pain:—
Yes! the few spirits — who, despite of deeds
Which they abhor, confound not with the cause
Those momentary starts from Nature's laws,
Which, like the pestilence and earthquake, smite
But for a term, then pass, and leave the earth
With all her seasons to repair the blight
With a few summers, and again put forth

Cities and generations — fair, when free —
For, Tyranny, there blooms no bud for thee!

III.

Glory and Empire! once upon these towers
With Freedom — godlike Triad! how ye sate!
The league of mightiest nations, in those hours
When Venice was an envy, might abate,
But did not quench, her spirit — in her fate
All were enwrapp'd: the feasted monarchs knew
And loved their hostess, nor could learn to hate'
Although they humbled — with the kingly few
The many felt, for from all days and climes
She was the voyager's worship;—even her crimes
Were of the softer order — born of Love,
She drank no blood, nor fatten'd on the dead,
But gladden'd where her harmless conquests spread;
For these restored the Cross, that from above
Hallow'd her sheltering banners, which incessant
Flew between earth and the unholy Crescent,
Which, if it waned and dwindled, Earth may thank
The city it has clothed in chains, which clank
Now, creaking in the ears of those who owe

The name of Freedom to her glorious struggles;
Yet she but shares with them a common woe,
And calld the „kingdom“ of a conquering foe, —
But knows what all — and, most of all, *we* know —
With what set gilded terms a tyrant juggles!

IV.

The name of Commonwealth is past and gone
O'er the three fractions of the groaning globe;
Venice is crush'd, and Holland deigns to own
A sceptre, and endures the purple robe;
If the free Switzer yet bestrides alone
His chainless mountains, 'tis but for a time,
For tyranny of late is cunning grown,
And in its own good season tramples down
The sparkles of our ashes. One great clime,
Whose vigorous offspring by dividing ocean
Are kept apart and nursed in the devotion
Of Freedom, which their fathers fought for, and
Bequeath'd — a heritage of heart and hand,
And proud distinction from each other land,
Whose sons must bow them at a monarch's motion,

As if his senseless sceptre were a wand
Full of the magic of exploded science —
Still one great clime, in full and free defiance,
Yet rears her crest, unconquer'd and sublime,
Above the far Atlantic! — She has taught
Her Esau-brethren that the haughty flag,
The floating fence of Albion's feebler crag,
May strike to those whose red right hands have bought
Rights cheaply earn'd with blood. Still, still, for ever
Better, though each man's life-blood were a river,
That it should flow, and overflow, than creep
Through thousand lazy channels in our veins,
Damm'd like the dull canal with locks and chains,
And moving, as a sick man in his sleep,
Three paces, and then faltering: — better be
Where the extinguish'd Spartans still are free,
In their proud charnel of Thermopylae,
Than stagnate in our marsh, — or o'er the deep
Fly, and one current to the ocean add,
One spirit to the souls our fathers had,
One freeman more, America, to thee!

A FRAGMENT.

V. REVOLUTE.

A FRAGMENT.

June 17, 1816.

IN the year 17 —, having for some time determined on a journey through countries not hitherto much frequented by travellers, I set out, accompanied by a friend, whom I shall designate by the name of Augustus Darvell. He was a few years my elder, and a man of considerable fortune and ancient family — advantages which an extensive capacity prevented him alike from undervaluing or overrating. Some peculiar circumstances in his private history had rendered him to me an object of attention, of interest, and even of regard, which neither the reserve of his manners, nor occasional indications of an inquietude at times nearly approaching to alienation of mind, could extinguish.

I was yet young in life, which I had begun early; but my intimacy with him was of a recent date: we had been educated at the same schools

and university; but his progress through these had preceded mine, and he had been deeply initiated into what is called the world, while I was yet in my noviciate. While thus engaged, I had heard much both of his past and present life; and although in these accounts there were many and irreconcileable contradictions, I could still gather from the whole that he was a being of no common order, and one who, whatever pains he might take to avoid remark, would still be remarkable. I had cultivated his acquaintance subsequently, and endeavoured to obtain his friendship, but this last appeared to be unattainable; whatever affections he might have possessed seemed now, some to have been extinguished, and others to be concentred: that his feelings were acute, I had sufficient opportunities of observing; for, although he could control, he could not altogether disguise them: still he had a power of giving to one passion the appearance of another in such a manner that it was difficult to define the nature of what was working within him; and the expressions of his features would vary so rapidly, though slightly, that it was useless to trace them to their sources. It was evident that he was a prey to some cureless disquiet;

but whether it arose from ambition, love, remorse, grief, from one or all of these, or merely from a morbid temperament akin to disease, I could not discover: there were circumstances alleged, which might have justified the application to each of these causes; but, as I have before said, these were so contradictory and contradicted, that none could be fixed upon with accuracy. Where there is mystery, it is generally supposed that there must also be evil: I know not how this may be, but in him there certainly was the one, though I could not ascertain the extent of the other — and felt loth, as far as regarded himself, to believe in its existence. My advances were received with sufficient coldness; but I was young, and not easily discouraged, and at length succeeded in obtaining, to a certain degree, that common-place intercourse and moderate confidence of common and every day concerns, created and cemented by similarity of pursuit and frequency of meeting, which is called intimacy, or friendship, according to the ideas of him who uses those words to express them.

Darvell had already travelled extensively; and to him I had applied for information with regard to the conduct of my intended journey. It was

my secret wish that he might be prevailed on to accompany me: it was also a probable hope, founded upon the shadowy restlessness which I had observed in him, and to which the animation which he appeared to feel on such subjects, and his apparent indifference to all by which he was more immediately surrounded, gave fresh strength. This wish I first hinted, and then expressed: his answer, though I had partly expected it, gave me all the pleasure of surprise — he consented; and, after the requisite arrangements, we commenced our voyages. After journeying through various countries of the south of Europe, our attention was turned towards the East, according to our original destination; and it was in my progress through those regions that the incident occurred upon which will turn what I may have to relate.

The constitution of Darvell, which must from his appearance have been in early life more than usually robust, had been for some time gradually giving way, without the intervention of any apparent disease: he had neither cough nor hectic, yet he became daily more enfeebled: his habits were temperate, and he neither declined nor complained of fatigue, yet he was evidently wasting away: he became more and more silent and

sleepless, and at length so seriously altered, that my alarm grew proportionate to what I conceived to be his danger.

We had determined, on our arrival at Smyrna, on an excursion to the ruins of Ephesus and Sardis, from which I endeavoured to dissuade him in his present state of indisposition — but in vain: there appeared to be an oppression on his mind, and a solemnity in his manner, which ill corresponded with his eagerness to proceed on what I regarded as a mere party of pleasure, little suited to a valetudinarian; but I opposed him no longer — and in a few days we set off together, accompanied only by a serrugee and a single janizary.

We had passed halfway towards the remains of Ephesus, leaving behind us the more fertile environs of Smyrna, and were entering upon that wild and tenantless track through the marshes and defiles which lead to the few huts yet lingering over the broken columns of Diana — the roofless walls of expelled Christianity, and the still more recent but complete desolation of abandoned mosques — when the sudden and rapid illness of my companion obliged us to halt at a Turkish cemetery, the turbaned tombstones of which were

the sole indication that human life had ever been a sojourner in this wilderness. The only caravansera we had seen was left some hours behind us, not a vestige of a town or even cottage was within sight or hope, and this „city of the dead“ appeared to be the sole refuge for my unfortunate friend, who seemed on the verge of becoming the last of its inhabitants.

In this situation, I looked round for a place where he might most conveniently repose: — contrary to the usual aspect of Mahometan burial-grounds, the cypresses were in this few in number, and these thinly scattered over its extent: the tombstones were mostly fallen, and worn with age: — upon one of the most considerable of these, and beneath one of the most spreading trees, Darvell supported himself, in a half-reclining posture, with great difficulty. He asked for water. I had some doubts of our being able to find any, and prepared to go in search of it with hesitating despondency — but he desired me to remain; and turning to Suleiman, our janizary, who stood by us smoking with great tranquillity, he said, „Suleiman, verbana su,“ (i. e. bring some water,) and went on describing the spot where it was to be found with great minuteness, at a small

well for camels, a few hundred yards to the right: the janizary obeyed. I said to Darvell, „How „did you know this?“ — He replied, „From our „situation; you must perceive that this place „was once inhabited, and could not have been „so without springs: I have also been here „before.“

„You have been here before! — How came you „never to mention this to me? and what could you „be doing in a place where no one would remain „a moment longer than they could help it?“

To this question I received no answer. In the mean time Suleiman returned with the water, leaving the serrugee and the horses at the fountain. The quenching of his thirst had the appearance of reviving him for a moment; and I conceived hopes of his being able to proceed, or at least to return, and I urged the attempt. He was silent — and appeared to be collecting his spirits for an effort to speak. He began.

„This is the end of my journey, and of my life „ — I came here to die: but I have a request to „make, a command — for such my last words must „be — You will observe it?“

„Most certainly; but have better hopes.“

„I have no hopes, nor wishes, but this — con„ceal my death from every human being.“

„I hope there will be no occasion; that you „will recover, and ——“

„Peace! — it must be so: promise this.“

„I do.“

„Swear it, by all that“ —— He here dictated an oath of great solemnity.

„There is no occasion for this — I will observe „your request; and to doubt me is ——“

„It cannot be helped, — you must swear.“

I took the oath: it appeared to relieve him. He removed a seal ring from his finger, on which were some Arabic characters, and presented it to me. He proceeded —

„On the ninth day of the month, at noon pre- „cisely (what month you please, but this must „be the day), you must fling this ring into the „salt springs which run into the Bay of Eleusis: „the day after, at the same hour, you must re- „pair to the ruins of the temple of Ceres, and „wait one hour.“

„Why?“

„You will see.“

„The ninth day of the month, you say?“

„The ninth.“

As I observed that the present was the ninth day of the month, his countenance changed, and

he paused. As he sate, evidently becoming more feeble, a stork, with a snake in her beak, perched upon a tombstone near us; and, without devouring her prey, appeared to be stedfastly regarding us. I know not what impelled me to drive it away, but the attempt was useless; she made a few circles in the air, and returned exactly to the same spot. Darvell pointed to it, and smiled: he spoke — I know not whether to himself or to me — but the words were only, „'Tis well!“

„What is well? what do you mean?“

„No matter: you must bury me here this „evening, and exactly where that bird is now „perched. You know the rest of my injunc- „tions.“

He then proceeded to give me several directions as to the manner in which his death might be best concealed. After these were finished, he exclaimed, „You perceive that bird?“

„Certainly.“

„And the serpent writhing in her beak?“

„Doubtless: there is nothing uncommon in it; „it is her natural prey. But it is odd that she „does not devour it.“

He smiled in a ghastly manner, and said, faintly, „It is not yet time!“ As he spoke, the

stork flew away. My eyes followed it for a moment, it could hardly be longer than ten might be counted. I felt Darvell's weight, as it were, increase upon my shoulder, and, turning to look upon his face, perceived that he was dead.

I was shocked with the sudden certainty which could not be mistaken — his countenance in a few minutes became nearly black. I should have attributed so rapid a change to poison, had I not been aware that he had no opportunity of receiving it unperceived. The day was declining, the body was rapidly altering, and nothing remained but to fulfil his request. With the aid of Suleiman's ataghan and my own sabre, we scooped a shallow grave upon the spot which Darvell had indicated: the earth easily gave way, having already received some Mahometan tenant. We dug as deeply as the time permitted us, and throwing the dry earth upon all that remained of the singular being so lately departed, we cut a few sods vf greener turf from the less withered soil around us, and laid them upon his sepulchre.

Between astonishment and grief, I was tearless.

* * * * *

ROMANCE MUY DOLOROSO

DEL

SITIO Y TOMA DE ALHAMA.

The effect of the original Ballad (which existed both in Spanish and Arabic) was such that it was forbidden to be sung by the Moors, on pain of death, within Granada.

ROMANCE MUY DOLOROSO

DEL

SITIO Y TOMA DE ALHAMA,

El qual dezia en Aravigo assi.

1.

PASSEAVASE el Rey Moro
Por la ciudad de Granada,
Desde las puertas de Elvira
Hasta las de Bivarambla.
Ay de mi, Alhama!

2.

Cartas le fueron venidas
Que Alhama era ganada.
Las cartas echò en el fuego,
Y al mensagero matava.
Ay de mi, Alhama!

A VERY MOURNFUL BALLAD

ON THE

SIEGE AND CONQUEST OF ALHAMA,

Which, in the Arabic language, is to the following purport.

1.

THE Moorish King rides up and down
Through Granada's royal town,
From Elvira's gates to those
Of Bivarambla on he goes.
Woe is me, Alhama!

2.

Letters to the monarch tell
How Alhama's city fell;
In the fire the scroll he threw,
And the messenger he slew.
Woe is me, Alhama!

3.

Descavalga de una mula,
Y en un cavallo cavalga.
Por el Zacatin arriba
Subido se avia al Alhambra.
Ay de mi, Alhama!

4.

Como en el Alhambra estuvo,
Al mismo punto mandava
Que se toquen las trompetas
Con añafiles de plata.
Ay de mi, Alhama!

5.

Y que atambores de guerra
Apriessa toquen alarma;
Por que lo oygan sus Moros,
Los de la Vega y Granada.
Ay de mi, Alhama!

3.

He quits his mule, and mounts his horse,
And through the street directs his course;
Through the street of Zacatin
To the Alhambra spurring in.
Woe is me, Alhama!

4.

When the Alhambra walls he gain'd,
On the moment he ordain'd
That the trumpet straight should sound
With the silver clarion round.
Woe is me, Alhama!

5.

And when the hallow drums of war
Beat the loud alarm afar,
That the Moors of town and plain
Might answer to the martial strain,
Woe is me, Alhama!

6.

Los Moros que el son oyeron,
Que al sangriento Marte llama,
Uno a uno, y dos a dos,
Un gran esquadron formavan.
Ay de mi, Alhama!

7.

Alli hablò un Moro viejo;
Desta manera hablava: —
Para que nos llamas, Rey?
Para que es este llamada?
Ay de mi, Alhama!

8.

Aveys de saber, amigos,
Una nueva desdichada:
Que Cristianos, con braveza,
Ya nos han tomado Alhama.
Ay de mi, Alhama!

6.

Then the Moors by this aware!
That bloody Mars recalled them there,
One by one, and two by two,
To a mighty squadron grew.
Woe is me, Alhama!

7.

Out then spake an aged Moor
In these words the king before,
„Wherefore call on us, oh King?
„What may mean this gathering?“
Woe is me, Alhama!

8.

„Friends! ye have, alas! to know
„Of a most disastrous blow,
„That the Christians, stern and bold,
„Have obtain'd Alhama's hold.“
Woe is me, Alhama!

9.

Alli hablò un viejo Alfaqui,
De barba crecida y cana:—
Bien se te emplea, buen Rey,
Buen Rey; bien se te empleava.
Ay de mi, Alhama!

10.

Mataste los Bencerrages,
Que era la flor de Granada;
Cogiste los tornadizos
De Cordova la nombrada.
Ay de mi, Alhama!

11.

Por esso mereces, Rey,
Una pena bien doblada;
Que te pierdas tu y el reyno,
Y que se pierda Granada.
Ay de mi, Alhama!

9.

Out then spake old Alfaqui,
With his beard so white to see,
„Good King! thou art justly served,
„Good King! this thou hast deserved.
Woe is me, Alhama!

10.

„By thee were slain, in evil hour,
„The Abencerrage, Granada's flower;
„And strangers were received by thee
„Of Cordova the chivalry.
Woe is me; Alhama!

11.

„And for this, oh King! is sent
„On thee a double chastisement,
„Thee and thine, thy crown and realm,
„One last wreck shall overwhelm.
Woe is me, Alhama!

12.

Si no se respetan leyes,
Es ley que todo se pierda;
Y que se pierda Granada,
Y que te pierdas en ella.
Ay de mi, Alhama!

13.

Fuego por los ojos vierte,
El Rey que esto oyera.
Y como el otro de leyes
De leyes tambien hablava.
Ay de mi, Alhama!

14.

Sabe un Rey que no ay leyes
De darle a Reyes disgusto. —
Esso dize el Rey Moro
Relinchando de colera.
Ay de mi, Alhama!

12.

„He who holds no laws in awe,
„He must perish by the law;
„And Granada must be won,
„And thyself with her undone.“
Woe is me, Alhama!

13.

Fire flash'd from out the old Moor's eyes,
The Monarch's wrath began to rise,
Because he answer'd, and because
He spake exceeding well of laws.
Woe is me, Alhama!

14.

„There is no law to say such things
„As may disgust the ear of kings:“ —
Thus, snorting with his choler, said
The Moorish King, and doom'd him dead.
Woe is me, Alhama!

15.

Moro Alfaqui, Moro Alfaqui,
El de la vellida barba,
El Rey te manda prender,
Por la perdida de Alhama.
Ay de mi, Alhama!

16.

Y cortarte la cabeza,
Y ponerla en el Alhambra,
Por que a ti castigo sea,
Y otros tiemblen en miralla.
Ay de mi, Alhama!

17.

Cavalleros, hombres buenos,
Dezid de mi parte al Rey,
Al Rey Moro de Granada,
Como no le devo nada.
Ay de mi, Alhama!

15.

Moor Alfaqui! Moor Alfaqui!
Though thy beard so hoary be;
The King hath sent to have thee seized,
For Alhama's loss displeased,
Woe is me, Alhama!

16.

And to fix thy head upon
High Alhambra's loftiest stone;
That this for thee should be the law,
And others tremble when they saw.
Woe is me; Alhama!

17.

„Cavalier! and man of worth!
„Let these words of mine go forth;
„Let the Moorish Monarch know,
„That to him I nothing owe:
Woe is me; Alhama!

18.

De averse Alhama perdido
A mi me pesa en el alma.
Que si el Rey perdiò su tierra,
Otro mucho mas perdiera.
Ay de mi, Alhama!

19.

Perdieran hijos padres,
Y casados las casadas:
Las cosas que mas amara
Perdiò I' un, y el otro fama.
Ay de mi, Alhama!

20.

Perdi una hija donzella
Que era la flor d' esta tierra,
Cien doblas dava por ella,
No me las estimo en nada.
Ay de mi, Alhama!

18.

„But on my soul Alhama weighs,
„And on my inmost spirit preys;
„And if the King his land hath lost,
„Yet others may have lost the most.
Woe is me, Alhama!

19.

„Sires have lost their children, wives
„Their lords, and valiant men their lives:
„One what best his love might claim
„Hath lost, another wealth, or fame.
Woe is me, Alhama!

20.

„I lost a damsel in that hour,
„Of all the land the loveliest flower;
„Doubloons a hundred I would pay,
„And think her ransom cheap that day.“
Woe is me, Alhama!

21.

Diziendo assi al hacen Alfaqui,
Le cortaron la cabeça,
Y la elevan al Alhambra,
Assi come el Rey lo manda.
Ay de mi, Alhama!

22.

Hombres, niños y mugeres,
Lloran tan grande perdida.
Lloravan todas las damas
Quantas en Granada avia.
Ay de mi, Alhama!

23.

Por las calles y ventanas
Mucho luto parecia;
Llora el Rey como fembra,
Qu' es mucho lo que perdia.
Ay de mi, Alhama!

21.

And as these things the old Moor said,
They sever'd from the trunk his head;
And to the Alhambra's wall with speed
'Twas carried, as the King decreed.
Woe is me, Alhama!

22.

And men and infants therein weep
Their loss, so heavy and so deep;
Granada's ladies, all she rears
Within her walls, burst into tears.
Woe is me, Alhama!

23.

And from the windows o'er the walls
The sable web of mourning falls;
The King weeps as a woman o'er
His loss, for it is much and sore.
Woe is me, Alhama!

SONETTO DI VITTORELLI.

PER MONACA.

Sonetto composto in nome di un genitore, a cui era morta poco innanzi una figlia appena maritata; è diretto al genitore della sacra sposa.

Di due vaghe donzelle, oneste, accorte
Lieti e miseri padri il ciel ne feo,
Il ciel, che degne di più nobil sorte
L' una e l' altra veggendo, ambo chiedeo.
La mia fu tolta da veloce morte
A le fumanti tede d' imeneo:
La tua, Francesco, in sugellate porte
Eterna prigioniera or si rendeo.
Ma tu almeno potrai da la gelosa
Irremeabil soglia, ove s' asconde,
La sua tenera udir voce pietosa.
Io verso un fiume d' amarissim' onda,
Corro a quel marmo, in cui la figlia or posa,
Batto, e ribatto, ma nessun risponde.

TRANSLATION FROM VITTORELLI.

ON A NUN.

Sonnet composed in the name of a father whose daughter had recently died shortly after her marriage; and addressed to the father of her who had lately taken the veil.

Of two fair virgins, modest, though admired,
Heaven made us happy; and now, wretched sires,
Heaven for a nobler doom their worth desires,
And gazing upon *either*, *both* required.
Mine, while the torch of Hymen newly fired
Becomes extinguish'd, soon - too soon - expires:
But thine, within the closing grate retired,
Eternal captive, to her God aspires.
But *thou* at least from out the jealous door,
Which shuts between your never-meeting eyes,
May'st hear her sweet and pious voice once more:
I to the marble, where *my daughter* lies,
Rush, — the swoln flood of bitterness I pour,
And knock, and knock, and knock — but none replies.

END OF VOL. VIII.

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